MANNERS:

A

SATIRE.

By Mr. *WHITEHEAD.* (Paul)

Paulus vel Coſſus vel Dr[illegible]ſus MORIBUS *eſto.*

JUVENAL.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1764 FEB

MANNERS:

A

SATIRE.

‘ WELL---- of all Plagues which make
‘ Mankind their Sport,
‘ Guard me, Ye Heav'ns! from that worſt
Plague --- a Court.
‘ 'Midſt the mad Manſions of *Moorfields*, I'd be
‘ A Straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock Majeſty;
‘ Rather than ſovereign rule *Britannia*'s Fate,
‘ Curs'd with the Follies and the Farce of State.
‘ Rather in *Newgate-Walls*, O! let me dwell,
‘ A doleful Tenant of the darkling Cell,
‘ Than ſwell in Palaces the mighty Store
‘ Of Fortune's Fools, and Paraſites of Pow'r.
‘ Than Crowns, Ye Gods! be any Fate my Doom,
‘ Or any Dungeon; but --- a Drawing Room.

Thrice

‘ Thrice happy *Patriot*, whom no Courts debaſe,
‘ No Titles leſſen, and no Stars diſgrace.
‘ Still nod the Plumage o’er the brainleſs Head;
‘ Still o’er the faithleſs Heart the Riband ſpread.
‘ Such Toys may ſerve to ſignalize the Tool,
‘ To gild the Knave, or garniſh out the Fool;
‘ While, You, with *Roman* Virtue arm’d, diſdain
‘ The tinſel Trappings and the glitt’ring Chain:
‘ Fond of your Freedom ſpurn the venal Fee,
‘ And prove He’s only *Great* --- who dares be *Free*.

Thus ſung *Philemon* in his calm Retreat,
Too wiſe for Pow’r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this Rage at Courts? reply’d his Grace.
Say, is the mighty Crime, to be in Place?
Is that the deadly Sin, mark’d out by Heav’n,
For which no Mortal e’er can be forgiv’n?
Muſt All, All ſuffer, who in Courts engage,
Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page?
Can Courts and Places be ſuch ſinful Things?
The ſacred Gifts and Palaces of Kings.

A Place may claim our Rev’rence, Sir, I own;
But then the Man its Dignity muſt crown:

’Tis

'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's Pride,
Can skreen the Coward, or the Knave can hide.
Let STAIR and † *** head our Arms and Law,
The Judge and Gen'ral muſt be view'd with Awe:
The Villain then would ſhudder at the Bar;
And *Spain* grow humble at the Sound of War.

What Courts are ſacred? when I tell your Grace,
MANNERS alone muſt ſanctify the Place.
Hence only each its proper Name receives;
Haywood's a Brothel; **White*'s a Den of Thieves:
Bring Whores and Thieves to Court, you change the Scene,
St. *J---s*'s turns the Brothel, and the Den.

Who would the courtly Chappel holy call,
Tho' the whole Bench ſhould conſecrate the Wall?
While the trim Chaplain, conſcious of a See,
Cries out my King, "I have no God but Thee":
Lifts to the Royal Seat the asking Eye,
And pays to *George* the Tribute of the Sky;

† It is to be lamented that the Barrenneſs of the preſent Times, obliges the Author to truſt to Poſterity, for the Supply of a proper Character in this Place.

* Dr. SWIFT ſays, 'That the late Earl of OXFORD, in the Time of his Miniſtry, 'never paſs'd by *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe (the common Rendezvous of infamous 'Sharpers and noble Cullies) without beſtowing a Curſe upon that famous Academy, 'as the Bane of half the *Engliſh Nobility*.

Proves Sin alone from humble Roofs muſt ſpring
Nor can one earthly Failing ſtain a King.

Biſhops and Kings may conſecrate, 'tis true;
MANNERS alone claim Homage as their Due.
Without, the Court and Church are both prophane
Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign;
Religions Roſtrum, *Virtue*'s Scaffold grows,
And Crowns and Mitres are mere Raree-ſhows.

In vain behold yon rev'rend Turrets riſe,
And *Sarum*'s ſacred Spire ſalute the Skies:
If the lawn'd *Levite*'s earthly Vote be ſold,
And God's free Gift retail'd for *Mammon* Gold;
No Rev'rence can the proud Cathedral claim,
But *Henley*'s Shop, and *Sherlock*'s are the ſame.

Whence have St. *Stephen*'s Walls ſo hallow'd been?
Whence? From the Virtue of his Sons within.
But ſhould ſome guileful Serpent, void of Grace,
Glide in its Bounds, and poiſon all the Place;
Should e'er the ſacred Voice be ſet to Sale,
And o'er the Heart the golden Fruit prevail;
The Place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it ſtrange,
To ſee the Senate ſink into a Change.

Or Court, or Church, or Senate-houſe, or Hall,
MANNERS alone beam Dignity on all.
Without their Influence, Palaces are Cells;
* *Crane-Court* a Magazine of Cockle-ſhells;
The ſolemn Bench no Boſom ſtrikes with Awe,
But *Weſtminſter*'s a Warehouſe of the Law.

Theſe honeſt Truths, my Lord, deny who can;
Since all allow that "MANNERS *make the* MAN".
Hence only Glories to the Great belong,
Or Peers muſt mingle with the peaſant Throng.

Tho' ſtrung with Ribands yet behold his Grace
Shines but a Lacquey in a higher Place:
Strip the gay Liv'ry from the Courtier's Back,
What marks the Difference 'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack?*
The ſame mean, ſupple, mercenary Knave,
The Tool of Power, and of State the Slave:
Alike the vaſſal Heart in each prevails,
And all his Lordſhip boaſts is larger Vales.

Wealth, Manors, Titles may deſcend 'tis true,
But ev'ry Heir muſt *Merit*'s Claim renew.

Who

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* The *Royal Society.*

Who bluſhes not to ſee a C----- Heir
Turn Slave to Sound, and languiſh for a † Play'r?
What piping, fidling, ſqueaking, qua'vring, bawling,
What ſing-ſong Riot, and what Eunuch-ſquawling:
C----, thy Worth all *Italy* ſhall own,
A Stateſman fit, where * *Nero* fill'd the Throne.

See poor *Lævinus* anxious for Renown,
Through the long Gallery trace his Lineage down,
And claim each Hero's Viſage for his own.
What tho' in each the ſelf-ſame Features ſhine,
Unleſs ſome lineal Virtue marks the Line,
In vain, alas! He boaſts his Grandſire's Name,
Or hopes to borrow Luſtre from his Fame.
Who but muſt ſmile, to ſee the tim'rous Peer
Point 'mong his Race our Bulwark in the War?
Or in ſad Engliſh tell how Senates hung
On the ſweet Muſic of his Father's Tongue?
Unconſcious, tho' his Sires were wiſe and brave,
Their Virtues only find in him a Grave.

Not ſo with ** *Stanhope*; ſee by him ſuſtain'd
Each hoary Honour which his Sires had gain'd.

To

† That living Witneſs of the Folly, Extravagance and Depravity of the *Engliſh*; *Farinello*, who is now at the Court of *Spain* triumphing in the Spoils of our Nobility, as their Pyrates are in thoſe of our injur'd Merchants.

* A *Roman* Emperor remarkable for his fooliſh Paſſion for Muſick.

** The Right Honourable the Earl of *Cheſterfield*.

To him the Virtues of his Race appear
The precious Portion of five hundred Year;
Deſcended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the Talent loſt, if unimploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous Ardour riſe,
To ſwell the ſacred Stream with freſh Supplies;
Abroad the Guardian of his Country's Cauſe;
At Home a *Tully* to defend her Laws.
Senates with Awe the patriot Sounds imbibe,
And bold Corruption almoſt drops the Bribe.
Thus adding Worth to Worth, and Grace to Grace,
He beams new Glories back upon his Race.

Ask ye what's Honour? I'll the Truth impart.
Know, Honour, then, is Honeſty of Heart.
To the ſweet Scenes of ſocial * *Stow* repair,
And ſearch the Maſter's Breaſt,-- You'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,
It only harbours with the Wiſe and Brave;
Ungain'd by Titles, Places, Wealth, or Birth:
Learn this, and learn to bluſh, ye Sons of Earth!
Bluſh to behold this Ray of Nature made
The Victim of a *Riband*, or *Cockade*.

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount *Cobham*.

Ask the proud Peer, What's Honour? He diſplays
A purchas'd Patent, or the Herald's Blaze;
Or if the Royal Smile his Hopes has bleſt,
Points to the glitt'ring Glory on his Breaſt:
Yet, if beneath no real Virtue reign,
On the gay Coat the Star is but a Stain:
For I could whiſper in his Lordſhip's Ear,
Worth only beams true Radiance on the Star.

Hence ſee the garter'd Glory dart its Rays,
And ſhine round E--- with redoubl'd Blaze:
Ask ye from whence this Flood of Luſtre's ſeen?
Why E--- whiſpers, votes, and ſaw *Turin*.

Long *Milo* reign'd the Minion of Renown,
Loud his Eulogiums eccho'd thro' the Town;
Where e'er he went ſtill Crouds around him throng,
And hail'd the Patriot as he paſs'd along.
See the loſt Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal thro' the Street, or skulk along the *Mall*;
Applauding Sounds no more ſalute his Ear,
But the loud *Pæan*'s ſunk into a Sneer.
Whence you'll enquire could ſpring a Change ſo ſad?
Why the poor Man ran military mad:

By this miſtaken Maxim ſtill miſled,
That Men of Honour muſt be cloath'd in Red.
My Grandſire wore it, *Milo* cries --- 'tis good:
But know the Grandſire ſtain'd it red with Blood.
Firſt midſt the deathful Dangers of the Field,
He ſhone his Country's Guardian and its Shield;
Taught *Danube*'s Stream with *Gallic* Gore to flow;
Hence bloom'd the Laurel on the Grandſire's Brow:
But ſhall the Son expect the Wreath to wear
For the mock Triumphs of an *Hyde-Park* War?
Sooner ſhall *Bunhill Blenheim*'s Glories claim,
Or *Billers* rival brave *Eugene* in Fame;
Sooner a like Reward their Labours crown,
Who ſtorm a Dunghill, and who ſack a Town.

Mark our bright Youths how gallant and how gay,
Freſh plum'd and powder'd in Review array.
Unſpoil'd each Feature by the martial Scar,
Lo! *A*--- aſſumes the God of War:
Yet vain, while prompt to Arms by Plume and Pay,
He claims the Soldier's Name from Soldier's Play.
This Truth, my Warriour, treaſure in thy Breaſt,
A ſtanding Soldier is a ſtanding Jeſt.
When bloody Battles dwindle to Reviews,
Armies muſt then deſcend to Puppet-ſhews;

Where

Where the lac'd Log may ſtrut the Soldier's Part,
Bedeck'd with Feather, tho' unarm'd with Heart.

There are who ſay -- 'You laſh the Sins of Men!
'Leave, Leave to *Pope* the Poignance of the Pen;
'Hope not the Bays ſhall wreath around thy Head,
'*Fannius* may write, but *Flaccus* will be read."
Shall only One have Privilege to blame?
What then, are Vice and Folly Royal Game?
Muſt all be Poachers who attempt to kill?
All, but the mighty Sovereign of the Quill?
Shall *Pope*, alone, the plenteous Harveſt have,
And I not glean one ſtragling Fool, or Knave?
Praiſe, 'tis allow'd, is free to all Mankind;
Say, why ſhould honeſt Satire be confin'd?
Tho', like th' immortal Bard's, my feeble Dart
Stains not its Feather in the culprit Heart;
Yet know, the ſmalleſt Inſect of the Wing
The Horſe may teaze, or Elephant can ſting:
Ev'n I, by Chance, a lucky Shaft may pour,
And gall ſome great *Leviathan* of Pow'r.

I name not *W--e*; You the Reaſon gueſs;
Mark yon fell Harpy hov'ring o'er the Preſs.
Secure the Muſe may ſport with Names of Kings,
But Miniſters, my Friend, are dang'rous Things.

Who

Who would have * *P---n* anſwer what he writ?
Or ſpecial Juries, Judges of his Wit?

Pope writes unhurt -- but know, 'tis different quite
To beard the Lion, and to cruſh the Mite.
Safe may he daſh the Stateſman in each Line,
Thoſe dread his Satire, who dare puniſh mine.

Turn, turn your Satire then, You cry, to Praiſe.
Why Praiſe is Satire, in theſe ſinful Days.
Say ſhould I make a Patriot of Sir *Bill*;
Or ſwear that *G---*'s Duke has Wit at Will,
From the gull'd Knight could I expect a Place?
Or hope to lye a Dinner from his Grace?
Tho' a Reward be graciouſly beſtow'd
On the ſoft Satire of each Birth-day Ode.

The Good and Bad alike with Praiſe are bleſt;
Yet thoſe who merit moſt, ſtill want it leaſt:
But conſcious Vice ſtill courts the chearing Ray,
While Virtue ſhines, nor asks the Glare of Day.
Need I to any *Pultney*'s Worth declare?
Or tell him *Carteret* charms, who has an Ear?
Or, *Pitt*, can thy Example be unknown,
While each fond Father marks it to his Son?

* A famous Sollicitor.

I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
And praiſe a Blockhead's Wit, becauſe He's great;
Down, down, ye hungry Garretteers, deſcend,
Call † *W--l-Burleigh*, call him *Britain*'s Friend;
Behold the genial Ray of Gold appear,
And rouze, ye Swarms of *Grub-ſtreet* and *Rag-fair*.

See with what Zeal yon * tiny Inſect burns,
And follows Queens from Palaces to Urns:
Tho' cruel Death has clos'd the Royal Ear,
The flatt'ring Fly ſtill buzzes round the Bier:
But what avails, ſince Queens no longer live?
Why Kings can read, and Kings You know may give.
A Mitre may repay his heav'nly Crown;
And while he decks her Brow, adorn his own.

Let Laureat *C--r* Birth-day Sonnets ſing,
Or *Fanny* crawl, an Ear-wig on the King;
While one is void of Wit, and one of Grace,
Why ſhould I envy either Song or Place?

I could

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† See theſe two Characters compar'd in the *Gazetteers*; but leſt none of thoſe Papers ſhould have eſcap'd their common Fate, ſee the two Characters diſtinguiſh'd in the *Craftſman*.

* A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote, or rather ſtole a Character of the late Q---n from Dr. *Burnet*'s Character of Queen *Mary*.

I could not flatter, the rich Butt to gain;
Nor ſink a Slave, to riſe *V--e C----n.*

Periſh my Verſe, whene'er one venal Line
Bedaubs a Duke, or makes a King divine.
Firſt bid me ſwear, He's ſound who has the Plague,
Or *Horace* rivals *Stanhope* at the *Hague.*
What, ſhall I turn a Pander to the Throne,
And liſt with * *B--ll,* to roar for Half-a-Crown?
Sooner *T--r--l* ſhall with *Tully* vie:
Or *W--n--n* in Senate ſcorn a ---
Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her Fate
From *M---h's* Arms, or *Ab---n's* Debate.

Tho' fawning Flattery ne'er ſhall taint my Lays,
Yet know, when Virtue calls, I burſt to praiſe.
Behold yon † Temple rais'd by *Cobham's* Hand,
Sacred to Worthies of his native Land:
Ages were ranſack'd for the Wiſe and Great,
Till *Barnard* came, and made the Groupe compleat.
Be *Barnard* there---enliven'd by the Voice,
Each Buſto bow'd, and ſanctify'd the Choice.

Point-

* A noted Agent to a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal Vociferations on certain Occaſions, with Half-a-Crown each Man.

† The Temple of *Britiſh* Worthies in the Gardens at *Stow*, in which the Lord *Cobham* has lately erected the Buſto of Sir *John Barnard.*

Pointleſs all Satire in theſe iron Times,
Too faint are Colours, and too feeble Rhimes.
Riſe then, gay Fancy, future Glories bring,
And ſtretch o'er happier Days thy healing Wing.

Wrap'd into Thought, Lo! I *Britannia* ſee
Riſing ſuperior o'er the ſubject Sea;
View her gay Pendants ſpread their ſilken Wings,
Big with the Fate of Empires and of Kings:
The tow'ring Barks dance lightly o'er the Main,
And roll their Thunder thro' the Realms of *Spain*.
Peace, violated Maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our Shore;
While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her Train,
Glads ev'ry Heart, and crowns the Warriour's Pain.
On Fancy, on; ſtill ſtretch the pleaſing Scene,
And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden Reign;
Chear'd by whoſe Beams ev'n meagre Want can ſmile,
And the poor Peaſant whiſtles 'midſt his Toil.

Such Days, what *Briton* wiſhes not to ſee?
And ſuch each *Briton*, FREDERICK, hopes from Thee.

FINIS.